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The Critic Staff
wishes you All

A
Very Merry
Christmas



.. Pinkerton..



"O Pinkerton, we hail thee Facing the eastern light."

DERRY VILLAGE, N. H.







WELCOME TO CLASS OF '39

Welcome, Freshman Class! Welcome to Pinkerton Academy, your workshop and playground for the next four years.

These years will be the happiest of your life—make the most of them. Use every utility you have to make every day and week the best in your memory.

The success of Pinkerton depends upon you. Enter the portals of this dear old academy as diligent and wholehearted workers and earnest boosters of all its activities.

Not only on the athletic field but in the classroom give your fullest co-operation and loyalty so that Pinkerton may lead in sportsmanship and scholastic standing.

You get out of life what you put into it; so give your Alma Mater your best and may your reward be great and all of your goals attained.

Loads of luck to you, Class of '39.

CHRISTMAS

A feeling of intense good-will prevails. It seems to be in the atmosphere, signifying the ever joyful news, that "Christmas is coming."

People pack away their troubles and look forward with light hearts and joy to the approaching holidays.

The stores clothe themselves in a robe of festivity, and the counters are burdened with small, brightly illuminated Christmas trees, gaily trimmed with glittering tinsel. Shoppers eagerly scan the display, trying to decide what to give their numerous friends.

Crisp green wreaths, adorned with wide red bows, are silhouetted in the windows against the brilliant lights of the houses,

People match their dispositions to this lively scene, and feuds and quarrels are forgotten in the general good-will of Christmas-tide.

AMERICANISM

The populace of the United States must be prevented from the "isms," Facism, Communism, Hitlerism, and the rest. The only "ism" we should practice is "Americanism."

The government of today is a government of the people, by the people, and for the people. These people who try, in foreign countries, to rule a country simply by their solo powers are probably crazed by their want of power. This simply leads to destruction. The people are the ones to be satisfied and rules and laws should not be made without their permission or advice. The world should not become under the head of one man.

Practice "Americanism" and do not be upset by people around you who believe in upsetting a peaceful and prosperous nation.



PRETTY AS A PICTURE

The early afternoon sun shone down on the little country schoolhouse. Inside, the sleepy droning of voices announced that school was in session.

Peter Sanborn, aged twelve, gazed out the open window and then at the coal black curls of the sweetest girl in the whole world, the girl he was going to marry. Beside her, apparently absorbed in the "Sixth Speller," sat Alan Williams, who had also vowed he too was going to marry the girl of Peter's choice.

Alice Truhart, the object of this boyhood rivalry, sat, not wholly unconscious of their admiring gazes, and stole shy glances out of the corners of her equally dark eyes.

Peter was very proud of the fact that Alice loved him best, hadn't she told him so? Alan was only the son of the village grocer, while his father was the sheriff of Merryhill.

Next week was Christmas. Of course he knew that Alan could not buy a present for Alice, as he never had any spending money, but he, Peter Sanborn, was going to present her with a beautiful portrait of himself, one which would make him sure of being in good standing with Alice ever after.

Alan, too, at the same time was meditating on the fact that he had no loose change, and also that he had to go down to the photographer's that afternoon to undergo the dreadful ordeal of having his picture taken to send to Aunt Jennie.

Next day found Peter proudly walking beside the dark-haired one, offering hints as to what he was going to buy her (of course she knew that Peter would send her a present).

Peter left Alice and climbed the stairs to the photographer's quarters jingling the change in his pocket. The photograph was taken after some trouble as Peter would insist on making all sorts of grimaces in order to assume a mannish expression. Of course he wished to impress Alice greatly with this picture and it must show him off to a good advantage. After the picture was finally taken, it so happened that the photographer made a bargain with Peter. He would decorate the portrait with Christmas wrappings and mail it for Peter for only twenty-five cents more than the usual cost. This bargain Peter reluctantly accepted and walked home whistling merrily.

The next week was spent by Peter in gloating over the fact that he had bought such an expensive present for Alice Truhart, and that Alan Williams would be cast out of her favor forever for his failure to make a showing.

Alan truly was downcast, but, try as he would, no money could be raised, so he gave it up as a hopeless case.

Christmas day had come and gone. The day after, Peter left his gate for school. In doing so he spied the dark head of Alice disappearing around the corner ahead of him. Quickening his pace, he was soon by her side. But

where was the bright smile that was usually his welcome on such an occasion? Nothing but a toss of her proud head as she hastened to leave him behind. She never even took a backward glance to see if he were following. Alice kept walking ahead, ahead to where Alan Williams was trudging slowly along. Wonder of all wonders, she actually smiled and consented to his walking with her. Peter was bewildered. It was to him a mystery, but to Alan a delightful turn of fate.

All day this kept up, and Peter was eluded every time he approached. Alice preferred Alan's company to his own and accepted smilingly an apple from the Williams' grocery fruit stand. It was more than Peter could stand. Hadn't he sent her a beautiful present for Christmas? What was she mad about? Probably Alan had sent her a better one, but this could not be. It could not be possible. Everyone knew the Williams' were not well off. Anyway, he'd speak to Alan tomorrow.

True to his word, the very next day Peter asked casually of Alan during noon recess, "Say, did you give anything to Alice Truhart for Christmas?" "Of course not," replied Alan hopelessly. "Where would I get the money to? What did you send her?"

"Oh," answered Peter, "just a picture of myself, only cost about a dollar."
"Gee, wish I could have given her something like that," said Alan. "I had
my picture taken, though, to send to my Aunt Jennie." And with this he slowly
walked off. Nothing more was said on the subject until a few days later when
Aunt Jennie came to visit the Williams'.

"Why," she asked of Mrs. Williams, "did you send me a picture of the Sanborn boy for Christmas, Louise? It really was a nice likeness of him though." Alan, overhearing this, stopped to hear no more. The question was solved.

LEONA DUMONT, '38.

WE ARE THE YOUTH

What is this younger generation for? Scorned! And blamed, and ridiculed! The underdog of adult's discontent, Who by experience's conceits are fooled! Adults? Children of prejudice they be Judging youth below their own youth's quality; The youth they answer for. Can it be so-They scorn their handiwork, yet do not know We are reflecting what they be-The imaged fools of immortality! We are reflecting what they be. As high their standards, so are ours, And in their scorn, their pitiful stupidity, They blame this youth for what they failed to be. We are the youth, and born into this world, We have the right to live our lives in our own way As well as you, who must excuse yourself and so accuse Yourselves-the adults, the Makers of this day!

GAIL CLARK, '37.

What pride is yours? The weak cannot be proud, Who blame their errors on the struggling crowd Of youth, pursuing happiness, achievement, life-The challenge of adults, only this unending strife. Youth has no excuse for its fatigue? It has no reason to protest to work? Yet all the duties fall into the hands of youth To execute, where more experienced hands have shirked Or failed—failed? Rather they have not even tried. Taking advantage of this much too willing youth, Blaming them for what they missed, and weakly Voicing defeat in disregarding truth. Their very actions well portray the tragic comedy of ill spent life. They demand respect when they, themselves cannot respect. They make their own rules for what they do and think and say. Now truly, adults, what can youth expect? Youth is supposed to end all war! The war that greedy adults did incite But what good is such a duty for When adults hold no code of wrong and right? Life is such a promise for this eager youth! With unsympathizing age to good and blame. How can they bear the forfeits merited by age; And achieve the heritage they rightly claim? But youth can smile, e'en though that smile is mocked. And youth can laugh though older tongues will wag That laughing youth must be of no account, While in their weakness, their own morals sag. Yes, youth can sing—can take the blows square on the chin, Can boost the load, can share the scorn, Can bear the thrust of voice or act or deed. And though the night be hard With strength unfailing they can face the dawn. Youth will not fail, though sorely tried. It carries on, chin up and head held high! Beneath the mask of life, that age has deigned for us, There lives the actual youth that cannot die. There is a reason for youths' undying faith, And if ye be such fools to ask the question-Why? Youth comprehends—it sees the truth your lives portray And knowing, smiles and echoes down the years this cry "We are the youth! We cannot fail. We are not broken, simply shown a better trail, Than that you offer, and a way In which to make those years yet coming, pay!"

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A WILD ROSE

It was along the wayside by a rippling stream that I awoke one early September morn to a fragrant and beautiful world. The early part of my existence was spent in solitude serene against the background of a densely wooded forest.

As the birds twittered about me they whispered of my loveliness until vainly I leaned over to the brink of the stream and there contentedly grew, gazing upon my budded beauty crowned by a halo of green. Here enthroned upon a beauteous domain of awe, I ruled the world about me. It wasn't until one eventful day that my whole existence changed.

Two lovers, by chance in wandering by, saw me peeping shyly from my mantle of green and plucked me from the wayside and radiantly I caressed the girl's shoulder in my dew sprinkled hue.

The two lovers that plucked me are now happily wed and live by the way-side and the rippling stream, but I, I have been saved from an earthly death. It was the lover who had plucked me and in a passionate token had offered me to the maiden. As the queen of flowers, I symbolized "true love," and expressed to the maiden what her lover dared not say. She accepted the token and its significance too, and now in a golden book I lay pressed, happy in the thought that to two lovers I brought happiness.

Virginia Bloomfield, '39.

THE SONG OF THE STREAM

Merrily, merrily all the day long,
I glide on my course o'er the smooth, shining stones,
Whilst the woodlands re-echo with my pleasant song,
And dark grottos tinkle with my silvery tones.

From the rocks with a deafening roaring I fall, And tumble and toss on the cresses below. 'Mid the thickets I rush where the cat-birds call, Where the wild-brier roses and sweet lilies grow.

By many a beautiful, velvety lawn Where violets sparkle with my crystal spray, Beside the high ridges of gold-waving corn, And through hazel-covers where whistles the jay.

Until, rushing away with thrice double speed, I join a great river with bursting of glee, Until, rushing away with thrice double speed, I join a great river with burstings of glee?

MY TREASURE ISLAND

I have a Treasure Island
Where I go frequently
And there I find gold and silver
Calmness and pleasantry.

Yes, gold, but I can't take it
Silver that I cannot own
Calmness in great abundance
Humor that I cannot loan.

For the gold abides in love
And silver in lovely hair
Calmness in the sweetest face
Humor in a smile so fair.

This lovely Treasure Island

Can belong to no other

For as you may plainly see

My treasure is my mother.

Joseph Tangney, '38.

DEWDROP

You came last night
Softly, lest someone hear,
Fell on this goldenrod,
Like a bright tear.

Here I found you,
Pure, without mar;
Pearly dewdrop,
Were you not last night's star?

NORMA McCoy, '37.

YELLOW ROSE

There is not any thing that grows

More lovely than a yellow rose:

A rose that speaks of sun and moon,

Of candles lit and golden June.

Against a tress of wind-blown hair
A crimson rose is wondrous fair;
And in dear, folded hands, close-pressed,
A white rose tells of beauteous rest.

But lovelier than these, to me
A yellow rose will always be;
Perhaps because in days of old
You, too, loved a rose of gold.

NORMA McCoy, '37.

A LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS

Dear Santa, my name is Henry, My age is six, you see, And so I'm making out a list Of things you can bring to me.

A hunk of candy as big as a ship Bigger 'n all the rest. And of course for a good little boy like me, It must be the very best.

'N them things they call an auto car, With lights and horn and windows slick, And make sure the horn and lights will work Or I'll send it back to you quick.

I want a pair of skates too, Santa, The kind with shoes 'n all. And if you can, please send me a pair That will not make me fall.

I'm not a very good skater, Santa, And I've taken some awful dumps. One foot just will not follow the other, So I collapse in a hump.

One foot goes North, the other goes South, They simply will not agree, They get to scrappin' 'n tangle up And take it all out on poor me.

These are the things I want most, Santa, On our pretty Christmas Tree. 'N now I think, dear Santa, That you owe an apology to me.

You brought me a bad one last year, Santa, Don't ever bring another!

I can't see why you had to bring along That squawking baby brother!

INEZ FLOYD, '33.

FOUND-A COUSIN AMONG OTHER THINGS

Dumbfounded, Betty gazed with astonished, large brown eyes, out of the window of the office. The mail had just been brought in, and the other stenographers had, as usual, been eagerly reading their letters. It was an unknown thing, however, for Betty to get a letter, for she had no relatives, and her friends all lived in the same city that she worked in.

She bent her head, crowned in brown curls, and re-read the letter that she clutched in her hand.

San Francisco, California.

Cousin Elizabeth,

I learned only recently that I had a living relation, namely you, a second cousin. It grieves me greatly to learn this, for you, like all of your family, will probably expect me to leave you my million, but there you are mistaken. I have no intention of leaving my money to be lavishly spent by a silly, nineteen year old child, like you.

I learned of your presence through a business transaction with your employer, Burke, and, as he is sending me some valuable papers, I suggested that you personally bring them.

It will mean a great loss to me if you let them out of your hands for my rival is trying desperately to get them. It also means that you will lose your job if you fail. You can readily see, I presume, that I am trying to find whether you are without nerve, just as the rest of your family was.

James Oliver Crawford.

"The despicable, old, egotistical sinner!" exploded Betty when she finished reading the insulting letter.

"My parents had more spunk and sense than he ever had. I'll show him I've got nerve. I don't care if he does lose his money, but I do care if I lose this job!" The slight girl jumped quickly from the chair and, running swiftly to her employer's door, rapped, and quickly entered.

The transcontinental plane was poised lightly on the landing field, ready to take off in ten minutes.

Betty, in a tailored grey suit, and with a pocket book clutched tightly under her arm, climbed quickly into the plane and sat down in one of the back seats, which commanded a good view of the passengers. She looked nervously about, trying to pick out some person who might be the dreaded rival. She quickly scanned the passengers, and her gaze suddenly riveted on a dark bewhiskered man about fifty, who was regarding her closely. Her eyes dropped and she bit her lips nervously.

A young man, directly across the aisle, missed none of this.

The plane rose into the air and hummed along. At noon the passengers ate lunch, and it was then that the young man got a chance to speak to this tense looking girl. He smilingly approached her and returned the gloves which she

had left on the table. She thanked him absent-mindedly, yet looked at him with greater interest when he asked if the dark spectator was bothering her.

Relieved at being able to talk to some one, she unburdened her secret, and showed him the letter she had received from her grouchy cousin. He was properly indignant, and with this mutual feeling their friendship ripened rapidly.

Feeling that she had gotten through the journey safely, the girl got out of the plane, closely followed by the young man and the dark gentleman.

Suddenly she felt someone grasp her shoulder with a vice-like grip and demand in a low voice, to hand over the purse. Terror-stricken, she swung about and muttered in a frightened yet plucky voice—

"Oh, no, you don't. I need my jo—" Her voice ceased, due to the fact that the dark gentleman was smiling, and the smile was not hidden by whiskers.

"Well, cousin Betty," he said jovially, "I do hope you forgive me for writing that nasty letter, but I was so hoping that you weren't one of those modern, spineless, idiots, that I just had to find out, and I am sure you are not. Welcome home, my dear."

At this moment the girl turned to the young man at her side, who stood there greatly astonished, and who said—

"And here I was, hoping that you were going to let me protect you for quite a while, but now your cousin will claim the honor and you won't need me."

"Oh, I think perhaps I will," she answered bashfully, "you never can tell about these strange cousins."

Needless to say, he stayed!

JEAN BARRINGTON, '37.

MORNING DEWDROPS

I walked upon the hilltops, As the sun was coming up, And saw the crystal dewdrops gleam On every buttercup.

They glittered, how they glittered! Like a million drops of fire! I could not pick a single flower; I only could admire.

But when the sun rose higher And lighted up the sky, The dewdrops quickly disappeared As if they all were shy.

They love the cool dark hours When elfin people play, The cool delicious stillness Of an early morn in May.



The Pinkerton Crow Family

FATHER CROW—SENIORS

Caw! Caw! The first event in the social activities of the Class of 1936 was the Corn Roast, held at Angle Pond during the first week of school. After our picnic lunch the class with members of the faculty adjourned to the hall for dancing and games. Let it never be said that the Seniors are too dignified to forget their worldliness under the right environment.

On Friday night, September 27, as 1 sat on my roost above the stage in chapel I was surprised and not a little annoyed to find that the lights had been turned on, and Lou Joubert's Orchestra was playing soft music to accompany the entrance of the parents and green freshmen. Caw, what a Hubbub! The Freshmen were running about in embarrassed frenzy while the upper classmen were more nonchalantly wandering about the hall. Parents have never been so well represented and it is safe to say that they greeted the closing number at 10:30 with no less surprised displeasure than the students of the Academy. Caw, Caw, what an active class!

As is the right of the Senior Class their officers were first to be elected. By now even the new-comers are acquainted with our officers and can well understand their popularity. President Norman Watts with his poker-face, unusual sense of humor and scholastic ability; Vice-President Ruth Grady with her sincere interest in the activities of her class and in the individuals of it; Treasurer Clarence Patten with his capability and inherent humor; Secretary Irene Hood with her willingness to co-operate, and her interest in school activities.

Members of the council are: Norman Watts, Ruth Grady, Kenneth Blanchard. Caw, but it's difficult to elect officers in a class with so many worthy of recognition.

My feathers shine with pride as I tell you of the Seniors' contribution to that grand humorist, Will Rogers. Their donation of five dollars was given with no thought of personal desires, rather it was given willingly, for we all appreciated Rogers' value as an American citizen.

Caw, Caw, what smooth-looking rings those Seniors have chosen. I'm sure you'll all agree that their selection is admirable. Too bad they can't be here for Christmas time, but they mean far more to them than just a Christmas present.

The last important move of the class was to choose the Senior Play with, of course, the help of that very popular, well-known producer, Miss Billings. The title is "Green Stockings." Budget your allowance now with an eye towards attending "Green Stockings," a comedy which will undoubtedly surpass all previous school productions.

Caw, Caw. Guess it's time to fold up my feathers and find some spot in school where I can keep my eye on these seniors. Never before have I seen such an energetic class!

MOTHER CROW-JUNIORS

Caw! Caw! Led by their faithful, hard working advisor, Mr. Wheelock, the Juniors proudly took possession of Room 5, said to be the warmest room in the building.

Caw! Caw! Three new members were seen in the ranks, namely Doris Johnson, Betty Kenfield and Lloyd Glidden, whom the class warmly welcomed. Caw! Caw! Caw! All did not seem to be joy for the class, for four of its valued members, Geneva Ray, Edna Strainge, Margaret Coefield and Don Peters took sad farewells.

Excitement reigned! Caw! Caw! The class officers were elected! Caw! Caw! As usual the Juniors "did it up brown," for Robert Hanf was re-elected for president, Isabelle Senecal for vice-president, Marian Morrison for secretary, and our ever busy Gail Clark for the "cash register."

Caw! Caw! The class of 1937 will have much to tell you in the next issue, for they are already thinking about the Play and Prom. Caw Caw! I watch eagerly for coming activities on the part of this busy, peppy class. Caw! Caw! Caw!

SISTER CROW—SOPHOMORES

Caw! Caw! The opening of the school term found those vivacious Sophomores starting the year's activities with a flourish.

The first event of the year happened a few days after school had started, when I noticed the Freshmen girls wearing a little more make-up than was necessary and actually wearing bed slippers to school! Also it appeared that the Freshmen boys had been left out in the rain, but this extraordinary affair turned out to be only the traditional Freshmen initiation.

"38" then settled down to the serious business of electing officers. They were chosen as follows:

President	John Schurman
Vice-President	Eileen Morrison
Secretary	Pauline Senecal
Treasurer	Gale Johnson

Caw! Caw!—One week during the month of October, I noticed the Sophomore room a scene of bustling activity. What was this? Plans for a Hallowe'en party? You bet! And was it a success! Taking place on October 31, it offered a good time for all who attended. Games were played, refreshments served, and dancing was enjoyed with music provided by "Shorty and His Ramblers." Prizes for costumes were awarded as follows:

Caw! Caw! During the course of the term a few of '38's members left Pinkerton for other quarters. They were: Adele Gordon, Dorothy Thereau and Joseph Messery.

Caw! Caw! The Sophomore Class in the field of sports! The Sophomore boys started the season off with an excellent showing in soccer and soft ball. Not only did the boys of '38 shine, but the Sophomore girls, with their captain, Pauline Senecal, won a series of victories in field hockey, being defeated only once out of six games. They are now the champs!

The representatives from the Sophomore class in varsity football number two: Russel Provencher and Leon Wells. Caw! On November 15th, the alumni oval rang with cheers announcing the victory of '38's football team over '39's eleven, with a score of 8—0.

To top it all the class of '38 received the highest average in attendance for the first quarter. Keep it up, Sophs!

Caw! I do believe I will retire to my nest, for I am quite exhausted telling of the activities and triumphs of '38, so until we meet again this is the Sophomore crow saying Caw! Caw! Caw!

BABY CROW-FRESHMEN

Caw! Caw!

Baby crow tells us that the Freshmen class is well on its way towards being firmly established in the Academy. It was cordially welcomed by the upper classmen at the Freshmen Reception. Since then its members have taken part in all of the school's social activities.

Both boys and girls are showing much interest in sports. The boys have organized a football team and have played one inter-class game.

The girls have a hockey team. Its members have reported to practice regularly to develop a good team and make a good opposition against teams of upper classmen.

We are now looking forward to the election of class officers. Then we will be a duly organized class. Caw! Caw!

The Critic Staff is most grateful to Jacqueline O'Brien, Class of '39, Art Editor and Class Reporter, for the new cuts and to Frances Gedney for the new football cut.



Football

A large squad of nearly forty members reported at the opening day of practice, September 10. As the season wore on, this number dwindled but enough men remained to make the prospects of a good team next year seem fairly good.

This is Coach Thomas Clarke's first year as director of athletics at the Academy. The Alumni and football fans of Derry are behind him and have reason to believe that he will pilot the teams through to many successful seasons.

The opening game with Exeter was cancelled because of rain.

P. A. Wins Opener

Under its new head coach, Thomas Clarke, and new captain, "Red" Gurley, the Pinkerton team, on October 4, marched to victory over the Lowell J. V's.

"Andy" Masellis personally accounted for two of the touchdowns by running back punts for fifty and eighty yards. "Andy's" work brought back memories to many old timers when another Masellis performed similar antics on the self-same gridiron.

Captain "Red" Gurley pushed through for the third and last touchdown, making the final score P. A. 19—Lowell J. V. 0.

Pinkerton Tops Lawrence Seconds

On October 10, at the Memorial Stadium in Lawrence, P. A. scored her second victory of the season against the Lawrence High "B" team.

The final score was P. A. 14—Lawrence "B" 0, Masellis and Provencher each scoring in the opening period.

The Red and White eleven played a great game of football, both offensively and defensively, for the full thirty-two minutes of play.

P. A. Wins Third Straight

The Pinkerton team was given a scare Saturday, October 19, Traip Academy of Kittery, Maine, holding the Red and White to a single touchdown.

Masellis carried off the honors for the afternoon, scoring the only touchdown of the game early in the opening quarter. The point after was not converted, leaving the locals a 6—0 lead which they held throughout the game.

The game was played at Kittery and many of the Alumni as well as a large percentage of the student body were present, proving to Coach Clarke that he has many supporters.

Pinkerton Excels Over Tilton

A grim, fighting Pinkerton team took the field against a strong Tilton J. V. squad and finally emerged, battered and bloodstained, but carrying the large end of a 34—9 score.

The hopes and ambitions of the Red and White backfield men were realized when they scored almost at will, over a team which, it seems, hopelessly outclassed them the year before.

The game was played at the Pinkerton Oval, on October 26, before a large group of spectators.

Pinkerton Drops First Game of Season

The P. A. squad met with its first defeat of the season at the hands of a superior Johnson High School team of Andover, Mass.

The game was played at the D. A. A. Field, on November 2, and a large crowd was in attendance, in spite of the fact that it was a bad day for football, being rainy. The Alumni sponsored a "Boosters" day, the proceeds of which are to go for new football equipment for the 1936 squad.

The team was crippled badly, several players having sustained injuries which kept them from the game. Don Peters was missing from his regular left tackle position, Durkee efficiently filling his place.

All in all, Pinkerton gave a very creditable showing against a vastly superior team.

Sanborn Defeats Pinkerton

Those who journeyed to Sanborn Seminary in Kingston with the team on November 9, witnessed one of those "heartbreakers" which are so common in football circles.

In the closing minutes of play, with P. A. leading 12—6, Sanborn rallied and scored, literally snatching victory from the yawning arms of Pinkerton. The point after touchdown was converted, giving Sanborn the lead by one point. The final score stood Sanborn 13; P. A. 12.

The Sanborn game marked the close of Pinkerton's first successful football season in several years. Coach Clarke and Assistant Coach Harriman believe that prospects of a good team next year look exceptionally good. These two men should receive the utmost of credit for the time and effort they have put in to make this season a success.

In its six game schedule, the team has scored 92 points to its opponents 47 or an average of 15.3 points to its opponents 7.8 in each game.

Despite the fact that the team was outweighed, man for man, by nearly every opposing team Pinkerton managed to win from most of them by the use of speedy and deceptive plays, thus proving that old saying "The bigger they are, the harder they fall."

GIRLS' ATHLETIC NOTES

Back to school again and all the girls just "rarin' to go." It was impossible to let off all that surplus energy on studies, so all these "ruddy hoydens" flocked to the athletic field. Hockey, volley ball, tennis, oh, any kind of sport is provided for these energetic females.

Hockey became the predominating sport. Class games were initiated and the good-natured rivalry began. The Sophomores swiftly proved themselves superior by winning the trophy in the first series of games, yet they met plenty of opposition in getting it. The Juniors refused to give up without a fight. The Freshmen showed astounding promise for the future and also should be congratulated on their excellent attendance at practice. The Seniors, as ever, put up an excellent fight, losing with a grin.

All the hockey games were most interesting to watch and were good, fast, clean games. None of the scores were very high which proved how well-matched and well-trained all the teams were.

The most interesting of all these games was the hilarious combat between the Senior Boys and Senior Girls, which ended with a score of 2—1 in favor of the boys. Oftentimes throughout this game, the boys forgot they were playing hockey and contributed a bit of football, but still it was a grand game and was enjoyed by all.

At the end of the season, after each individual had done his best throughout all the games, the hockey varsity team was chosen which is as follows: Center Forward, Eunice Parshley; Left Inside, Doris Wilson; Left Wing, Ruth Grady; Right Wing, Inez Floyd; Center Half, Gail Clark; Left Half, Jean Barrington; Right Half, Louise Pieroni; Left Fullback, Isabelle Senecal; Right Fullback, Ruth Bagley; Goal, Ruth Corliss.

Thus ends the first season of athletics for this year. Now all the girls are waiting, perhaps rather impatiently, for the promising season of basketball, which comes next in line.

In behalf of all those interested in Field Hockey, I wish to thank Miss Merriam, Miss Bagley and Miss Aldrich for their excellent coaching and their success in making this hockey season the most progressive and successful ever. Under them hockey has developed into an interesting and delightful game rather than merely a way to spend Activity Period.

GIRL RESERVE NOTES

The Girl Reserves have begun this year's activities wholeheartedly under the capable leadership of Miss Aldrich, the advisor, Miss Irene Hood, president, Miss Olive Garvin, vice-president, Miss Gail Clark, secretary and Miss Jean Barrington, treasurer.

Two very enjoyable events have taken place this year. Miss Davis, a member of the State Board of Health, gave a very interesting talk to a large group of the Girl Reserves.

A bazaar was held which was a huge financial success as well as a great pleasure to the large audience.

Memorial

Taken from Chicago Bar Record, June, 1935.

On December 3rd, at his home in Brookfield, occurred the death of William Alexander Adams, practitioner of the law for the past thirty-two years. Although he was born in Chicago, September 10, 1870, he spent his boyhood in New Hampshire.

In 1890 he enrolled as a student at Pinkerton Academy where he prepared to enter Harvard College. During his four years at Harvard he gave evidence of a gift for public speaking, and also majored in English.

After his graduation in 1898, he spent several years teaching. During this vacation he studied law privately, attending summer sessions at the University of Michigan law school. He was admitted to practice in Illinois in 1902. In Chicago he was prominent in legal circles.

He took special interest in civic matters, but never sought political preferment. He was upright, faithful and just in all his dealings. He was a loyal, respected citizen and devoted much of his time to his home and family.

In Memory

The Sophomore class has had its triumphs and tribulations, but one sorrow has thrust its shadow over the year, in the loss of "Harold," beloved by his classmates.

Harold left us for a Higher School on Armistice Day and his cheery smile and ever-willing nature will be missed by all.

LEONA DUMONT, '38.



WE WONDER WHY

They call that noise 5th period Mondays and Wednesdays, an orchestra. Certain Senior boys have suddenly become interested in classical music. Moody studies every night.

Tom Grady walks downtown.

Watts isn't seen so often at the library lately.

Franklin Street is frequented by members of every class so often.

Blanchard wants to get his arm out of the sling so quickly.

Dot Ackerman is always cold.

Jean Hubbard looks sleepy every morning.

The Senior boys fall for the Freshmen girls.

Bob Morrison is seen so often on Mt. Pleasant Street.

Cape Cod was found so interesting by a certain Solid Geometry student.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF

The Derry Public Library was suddenly closed. Miss Billings forgot to hand out the daily lesson.

Freshman's Father: Young man! What's the idea of bringing my daughter in at 6 o'clock in the morning?

Senior: I go to school at seven.

Mr. Bell: What do you call those people who talk for hours and say nothing? Gurley: Wind bags.

Mr. Bell: What do you call those who do the same things only write it?

Smith: Paper bags.

Mr. Wheelock: What was George Washington noted for?

Patten: His memory.

Mr. Wheelock: What makes you think his memory was so great?

Patten: They erected a monument to it.

Watts: I hit a guy on the nose yesterday, and you should have seen him run.

Johnson: That so?

Watts: Yeh, but he didn't catch me.

Moody: Wonderful sunrises we're having these Fall mornings, aren't we? Bartlett: Dunno. I've been getting to bed early for the last few weeks.

Freshman: You didn't know who I was this morning, did you?

Mr. Gaskill: No, who were you?

Junior: I just got a check from home.

Sophomore: Pay me the money you owe me, then. Junior: Wait till I tell you the rest of my dream.

Superintendent of firm: So, you want a position. How much do you want to start?

Graduate: Sixty a week.

Superintendent: Young man, this firm has a president.

Manning: I think I'll go to New York after I finish these jokes.

Grady: Well, that's as good a place to hide in as any.

Darling: Have you read "What Every Freshman Should Know?"

Bernier: No; how many volumes is it in?

Mr. Clarke: Give the most important date in history.

R. Shepard: 1921.

Mr. Clarke: Why, what important event happened in that year?

R. Shepard: I was born.

Johnson: The doctor said that if I didn't stop smoking I'd become a hopeless imbecile.

Holm: Why didn't you?

Izzy (poutingly): Don't you ever speak of love?

Joe (tactfully): Er—yes. Lovely weather, isn't it?

MacPherson: This book makes me think, Mr. Harriman.

Mr. Harriman: Son, it must be a book of magic.

Goodchild: Please, may I pull down the shade? The sun is shining in on me.

Mr. Gaskill: No, let it alone. The sun is conductive to the ripening of green things.

Miss Merriam: I take great pleasure in giving you 81 in French. Bob Tangney: Oh! make it a hundred and enjoy yourself.

Mother: What are you doing, Amelia?

Amelia: I'm knitting, mother. I heard Joe say, the other day, that he was afraid he'd have to get a new muffler for his car, and I thought I'd surprise him.

Mr. Wheelock: If the President, Vice-President and all the members of the cabinet should die, who would officiate?

O'Neil: The undertaker.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

There is a Santa Claus.

Dexter has grown one fourth of an inch since his Freshman year.

The lovelight has died out of A. Masellis' eyes.

There is one Senior boy who "steers clear" of the library.

N. Edward Watts has joined the Girl Reserves.

The Junior Class actually lost the field hockey tournament.

Roy Dexter has started growing and Luke Densmore has stopped.

Certain people were home in time to go to school after the Hallowe'en Party.

Al Johnson actually recovered from the chicken-pox.

Rita McKean became tongue-tied.

Pauline Senecal is holding up under the strain.

We have a Cleopatra in the Senior class.

Those runs by a certain Junior boy are being made up Franklin Street now.

Johnson had a History assignment done.

Althea Sweet and Vaughn Stevens are in love (don't take us wrong).

Bartlett is getting to school on time this year.

Miss Billings isn't saying, "Room 7 at 2 o'clock", as much as she used to say, "Room 6 at 2 o'clock."

Fudge-making is coming back into its own.

We have a very efficient bride and bridesmaid on the faculty.

Our great philosopher: Man is but a worm. He comes along, wiggles a little in the dust, then some chicken gets him.

Warren: I saw you at the bank, yesterday.

Holms: Yeh.

Warren: Did you put in some money?

Holms: No.

Warren: Did you take out some money?

Holms: No.

Warren: Then you borrowed some money?

Holms: No.

Warren: Then what did you do? Holms: I filled my fountain pen.

Pupil in Commercial Law: Oh, Mr. Clarke, please close that window—the fog is coming in!

Mr. Clarke: No, you're wrong, it's going out.

Sherman addressing the Sophomores: All those fond of music raise their hands.

Thinking they were going to do something easy, about ten boys raised their hands.

Sherman: All right. You fellows get the piano from the Senior Room and take it upstairs.

Freshman girl: :Can you drive with one hand?

Gardner: You bet I can.

Freshman: Then have an apple.

Miss Billings, instructing her pupils in the use of the hyphen, asked them to give her an example of its use, and the word bird-cage was submitted by Ruth Corliss.

"That's right," remarked Miss Billings. "Now, tell me why we put a hyphen in bird-cage."

"It's for the bird to sit on," replied the bright student.

Chemistry Professor: What can you tell me about nitrates? Ramsden: Well—er—they're a lot cheaper than day rates.



Bagley, Martha Special Student at P. A.
Beliveau, Roger At home, Derry
Bellavance, Beatrice Nurse at Notre Dame Hospital, Manchester, N. H.
Bienvenue, Ruth At home
Blair, Eileen At home
Boulanger, Leon At home

Cadieux, Edward
Dumont, Henry
Fitzgerald, Mary
Goyette, Doris W. T. Grant's, Derry
Grady, Paul Holland Cleaners, Derry
Hall, Ethel
Hanf, Jean Night-school course at Newton High School, Newton, Mass.
Hanf, Walter
Heon, Jeannette
Jensen, Rowland
Johnson, Pauline
Kingsbury, Arlene
Laferriere, Albert At home
Latwen, Lena Hartford, Conn.
McDonald, Pauline Special Student at P. A.
McGauley, Rose At home
McKean, Walter Farming at Londonderry
Mack, Ethel
Manning, Frances At home
Masellis, Joseph
Mercure, Rosalie
Messery, Samuel At home
Mitchell, Virginia Mrs. George Fuller living in Hudson, N. H.
Morin, Pauline
Morrison, Alfred Chicken Business, at home
Moy, Sidney
Nute, Edmund
O'Neil, James
Patten, Samuel University of Syracuse, N. Y.
Picard, Virginia At home
Putnam, Norman Derry Drug
Reardon, Daniel Derry Trading Post
Riley, Eileen At home
Romeiko, Joseph Filed application to U. S. Marines
Smith, Grace Wilfred Academy, Boston, Mass.
Tetu, Wilfred At home in Manchester, N. H.
Tsetsilas, Lillian Clerk, Roxbury, Mass.
Yeronis, Ide At home

1926—Lauria Pelkey—Miss Pelkey was married on June 24, 1935 to Leonard Grandey of Burlington, Vermont.

1928—Evelyn Dexter—Miss Dexter was married to George M. Blair of Weymouth, Mass.

1929—Richard Low—Mr. Low was married to Elizabeth Meeklem of Newmarket, N. H.

1929—Dorothy Duffee—Miss Duffee was married to Albert Uicker of Derry, N. H.

1931—Alice Emma M. Newell—Miss Newell was married on November 23, 1935, to Mr. Arnold Beede, Rochester, N. H.

1931—Harriet Bell—Miss Bell was married to John B. M. Cleeves of Bethleham, Penn.

1933—Anna McCoy—Miss McCoy was married to Winfield French of Waterbury, Vermont.

1933—Ralph Edwards—Mr. Edwards was married to Miss Barbara Crawford, graduate of this school, in October, 1935.

1933—Eudelle Parks—Miss Parks was married to Joseph Eaton of New Jersey on December 1, 1935.

1933—Angeline Ricord—Miss Ricord was married to Carl Sandlund of Northampton, Mass., on November 28, 1935.

1934—Nazera Messery—Miss Messery was married to Bruno Thibeault, class of '33. Lawrence, Mass.

1934 Gelt, Harry New Hampshire University

1934 Mason, Raigh New Hampshire University

1934 Ross, Martha Vice-President Art Club, Plymouth Normal

DEATHS

- 1891 Miss Alice Bertha Poor died September 25, 1935.
- 1936 Miss Veronica Novak, ex-member of the class of '36, died on November 13, 1935.
- 1938 Mr. Harold Tupper died on November 11, 1935.



Exchanges



We are glad to be able to list again the following "Exchanges" for the year 1935-1936. Perhaps in our next issue we may find comments both favorable and unfavorable.

The Enterprise—Keene High School, Keene, N. H.

The Ray-Woodbury High School, Salem, N. H.

The Red and White—Rochester High School, Rochester, Mass.

The Netop—Turner Falls High School, Turner Falls, Mass.

Hi-News—Ludlow High School, Ludlow, Mass.

Station E. L. H. S.—Edward Little High School, Lewiston, Me.

Little Red School House—Athol High School, Athol, Mass.

Loudspeaker—Goffstown High School, Goffstown, N. H.

Blue and White—Methuen High School, Methuen, Mass.

Signboard—Bay Path Institute, Springfield, Mass.

Aeges—Beverly High School, Beverly, Mass.

Taconic—Williamstown High School, Williamstown, Mass.

Authentic—Stoneham High School, Stoneham, Mass.

Mercury—Bellows Free Academy, St. Albans, Vermont.

Punch Harder—Punchard High School, Andover, Mass.

Brewster—Brewster Free Academy, Wolfeboro, N. H.







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